

821

88122ca

CAPTAIN TOM
AND
CAPTAIN HUGH.

By the Author of "Betsy Lee," "The Doctor," &c.

DOUGLAS:

BROWN & SON, PRINTERS, "THE ISLE OF MAN TIMES"
OFFICE, ATHOL-STREET.

Collins-Gilman

Barnes Barnes 1923

h

CAPTAIN TOM

AND

CAPTAIN HUGH:

A MANX STORY IN VERSE.

Re-printed from "The Isle of Man Times"

By the Author of "Betsy Lee," "The Doctor,"
&c., &c.

ISLE OF MAN:

James Brown and Son, Printers & Lithographers, No. 9, Athol-street,
Douglas.

PREFACE.

To sing a song shall please my countrymen,
To unlock the treasures of the Island heart ;
With loving feet to trace each hill and glen,
And find the ore that is not for the mart
Of commerce : this is all I ask.
No task,
But joy, GOD wot !
Wherewith "the stranger" intermeddles not—

Who, if perchance
He lend his ear
As caught by mere romance
Of nature, traversing
On viewless wing
All parallels of sect,
And race, and dialect,
Then shall he be to me most dear.

Natheless, for mine own people do I sing,
And use the old familiar speech,
Happy if I shall reach
Their inmost consciousness.
One thing
They will confess—
I never did them wrong :
And so accept the singer and the song.

Clifton, Nov. 19, 1877.

CAPTAIN TOM AND CAPTAIN HUGH:

A MANX STORY IN VERSE.

By the Author of "Betsy Lee," "The Doctor," &c., &c.

YOU'RE wantin' to hear about them two,
Captain Tom and Captain Hugh,
Very well ! Very well !
But it isn much of a story to tell ;
But—however—it's lek you know who you've got—
Middlin' willin' whether or not.

Now these two Captains they were all allowin'
Was the best that was sailin' out of Castletown ;
And the two of them went to school together,
And navar no relations ether—
But up the Claddagh agate o' buck-kyones,
And ticklin' trouts under the stones,
Or down at the Race, or out at the Mull,
Or over plaguin' Lukish's bull,
Or any divilment, ye see,
Where the one was, the other'd be ;
And stickin' mortal close, and backin'
One another up, whatever was actin'—
Backin' one another still,
And reared though very respectable,
Lek accordin' to their station ;
And goin' a teachin' navigation,
At Masthar Cowin that was general known
For the grandest masthar that was goin',
A one-armed man—aw, I'll be bound
You had to look slippy if you went to Cowin ;
That's the man that could trim a scholar ;
Only wink, and the hook in your collar,
And wouldn listen to no excuse,
And workin' the kiddhag like the deuce.

So these two lads got on though, aye !
 Got on, I tell ye, and passin' by
 Ouldher men, and very much lek'd,
 And studdier till you'd expect.
 So from one thing to another they kem
 To be skippers of smacks, the two of them—
 Masthar Corteen's—you'll have heard of hem.
 No ? Well, raelly ! but that's the way,
 And every dog must have his day.

So when they got married, they wouldn be beat,
 But it was too sisthars they were schamin' to get,
 And got them, by the name of Sayle,
 And a nice bit of money to their tail ;
 And right enough, and not felt on the farm—
 Aw a little money 'll do no harm,
 Not it, but only just to take keer
 You'll hev it on the land, d'ye hear ?
 Aye that's your surt—aw very nice,
 And the bigger the loaf the bigger the slice ;
 But still there's some 'll take the huff,
 And grab 'ill navar have enough :
 But what with the lean, and what with the fat,
 Maybe a hundherd pound or that ;
 And a little inthress in the will,
 Aye—aw very comfible.

Good wives they were, let alone the tin,
 And chrizzenin for chrizzenin,
 Lek clocks mostly, and allis prepar'd,
 But runnin' each other very hard.
 And as handsome a breed as ever you'd see,
 And very nice and orderly.

For the sisthars was livin' next door to each other,
 And civil to all, but cautious rather ;
 And wouldn hev their childher tearin'
 Out on the sthreet, and cussin', and swearin',
 And raggin' their clothes. And Ned Ballachrink,
 The uncle, that was mostly in dhrink,
 Wasn navar suffered to come nigh them,
 As if his very look 'd desthroy them.
 And still they might have been his own
 He was that fond of them ; and you'll navar be knowin'

What the lek is feelin' ; but ether woman—
 No matter—let her see the uncle comin'
 And it was up the stair with the childher straight,
 And longin' shockin', but not a sight
 To be seen of the one of them : and maybe he'd catch
 A sound like little birds under the thatch,
 Or the way they stirs themselves in bushes
 Of a moonlight night—you'll hear these thrushes—
 And the Ballachrink he'd look and he'd listen,
 And them knowin' parfec what was he missin',
 But he darn say a word, or if he ded,
 It was—*some chickens they'd got on the laff*, they said ;
 And no lie for all, just a way to spake—
 Aw, exlen women, and no mistake.

Now, it wasn often the husbands'd chance,
 To be at home together, may be once
 On the summer, ye know ; and you'd see the whole crew o' them
 Out in the garden that was doin' for the two o' them.
 They were looking fuss-rate was yandhar chaps,
 And the women wearin their Sunday caps,
 And all the little things as nate, ye know—
 'Deed it was worth your while to go
 Of an evenin' there, and look over the wall,
 And as nice and as happy though for all ;
 And every one with his little bason
 Under the trammon, aw, putty amazin' !

And even the poor Ballachrink 'd be gettin'
 Admission them times, and the way he'd be settin'
 And eyin' the childher, and axin' to taste,
 Half tight, you know, but the love in his face—
 The sowl—and well it's a pity too
 Of the lek, and puzzlin what to do—
 A good nathured craythur, and 'd allis be hevvin'
 His pockets stuffed with knobs to be gevvin'
 To the youngsters ; and watchin', you know, and 'd try
 To pop them in their porridge on the sly.
 But big at the talk, aw very big ;
 And disputin' there about the rig
 Of a vessel, and reefin', and lee shoors,
 And this and that, and to work their coorse—
 Aw, it's him that'd larn them—and “Look!” he'd say,
 “D'ye see the thing?”—and—“Here's the bay ;”

And—*such a wind*, and how he'd contrive her—
 “Up peak, my lads, down jib, and jive her!”
 Chut! of all the foolishness!
 And Captain Tom with the chin on the bress,
 And smookin' studdy all the while,
 And maybe just a little smile.

But that's the when you'd see, mind you!
 The difference of Captain Hugh,
 That'd turn very sharp, and walk a bit,
 And rux the shouldhers, and blow the spit,
 Lek contemptible lek, and growl
 Like a savage dog, and couldn hould
 To hear such stuff—aw, that was the man—
 Impaigent mostly, you'll understand—
 Hot, very hot, in general—
 That was Captain Hugh for all.

So the years went by, and the childher grew,
 And the ouldest boy of Captain Hugh
 Fell in love with the ouldest gel
 Of Captain Tom—aw terrible!
 “Love again?” now steady! steady!
 Fell in love though did this laddie.
 And the nither of them knew a bit
 How they ever come to think of it—
 Bein' reared like a sisthar with a brother,
 And used, you know, of one another,
 And no newance nor nothin' for them to go
 And take notions like yandhar. But even so
 The day will come, the mornin' star,
 When the ould'll be new, and the near'll be far;
 And the deep-sea-soundins'll come to the surface,
 And another face'll look out of her face;
 And a throuble'll come between that'll change her,
 And you'll look, and aw she'll be just like a sthranger—
 And all will be sthrange, the sea, the shore,
 The very boat, the very oar,
 The very hooks, the very baits,
 The very fields, the very gates—
 New sun, new moon, new heavens, new earth,
 New grief, new joy, new death, new birth—
 Where's the gullies? where's the gills?
 Where's the turn o' the road? where's the sit o' the hills?

Is that the head? is that the bay?
 Is that ould Cronk-ny-Irey-Ihaa?
 Bless ye! what are you thinkin' of!
 Changed! changed! The land is the land of love.

Are ye snorin', Billy? I thought I heard ye—
 All right! all right! I was goin' to blackguard ye—
 But avast! I see, I see—guy heng!
 A body snorin' is a dirty thing.

Well this Hughie though was a reg'lar bould chap—
 They were callin' him Hughie after the ould chap—
 Hughie, not Hugh, for a differ lek—
 Aw, a plucky lad and no mistake;
 A splendid hand aboard of a boat—
 Aw, he'd stick to anything that'd float—
 Would Hughie—aye—and none of your sauce
 Nor brag; and the proud the father was
 To see him when he was only a little mossel
 With his two reefs tied, and his jib and fo'sail—
 Stole of coorse; and the sea th'd be there!
 And the owner shoutin' on the pier—
 And my lad with the taffystick in his fist,
 And strainin' his back agen the list—
 Aw, into the rail! into the rail!
 And as sollum as if he was carryin' the mail—
 And all the sheets trained aft to his hand—
 And to see him lie to was raelly grand,
 Waitin' his chance to come over the bar,
 And the father'd call, and the owner'd swear;
 And the little rascal'd keek like a gull
 Under his boom, and wait for a lull,
 And humoured the boat, and pacified her,
 Feelin' everything like a spider,
 Till he saw the nick, and afore you'd be knowin',
 His helm was up, his jib was drawin',
 And a lift and a leap and a jerk and a joults,
 And he sent her in like a thunderboults.

Then of coorse he'd have to make the best of it,
 Jawin' and lickin' and all the rest of it,
 And done him no harm, the little midge,
 And the Captain sthooin him over the bridge—

But aisy to see, whatever he done,
It's proud enough he was of the son.

He was rather silent lek was the Captain,
And not the sort of a man to be rapt in
A son or a gun—but he said one day
To the ould High-Bailiff down on the quay
That Hughie 'd take a boat through the Sound
With any man in Castletown.
So the High-Bailiff gave a little laugh,
And, "What!" he says, "through the Sound of the Calf!
I doubt it, Captain!" he says, "I doubt it:"
And the people was tellin' they had words about it.

But that may be—but still, dear heart!
There's no doubt at all the lad was smart.
I've seen him myself coming under our quarter
And the skiff at him there nearly full of water;
And he'd lay alongside for a bit to bail her,
And then he'd cast off, and take and sail her,
And just a little latteen with a hook at it,
And he'd make the harbour when we couldn look at it.

Smart he was, but silent very,
Like the father, you know, and navar merry
Nor frisky lek, but thoughtful still—
For the skipper could talk when he had the will;
Aw, it's himself that had the bitter tongue,
Partikler when he was a little sprung,
And terbil standin' on his right;
But as for the boy he was allis quite.
And if the father loved the lad,
He wasn showin' it much bedad—
Short and sharp and hard to please—
Aw, he wasn a lovin' man in his ways
At all—no! no! But the lad was lovin';
Even when he was a little thing he'd be shovin'
Hisself betwixt the father's legs,
The way a little puppy begs;
And the Captain's hand on the little mop
Just absent-lek, and wouldn stop
Whatever he was doin', or maybe
Doin' nothin' at all; and the little baby

Rubbin' and rubbin' and feelin' him,
 And the Captain sittin' very grim—
 And navar a kiss for the little sowl,
 Nor nothin', the craythur ! so I'm tould.
 But there's pessons like that though, isn there, John ?
 Starin' out at the horizon !
 Some people's allis up the mast
 Cockin' their eye to a spyin'-glass.
 It's well to look a little nearer
 And—bits of infants—what's more dearer ?

But the son was lovin' the father greatly—
 Aw tuk up in him complately ;
 And grew to be the very prent
 Of the skipper—he did—lek tuk and bent
 To the shape of him—and the face and the walk,
 And the turn and the look, and the nose like a hawk
 And the chin like an egg, and the throat like a bell—
 Grew lek, grew ; and of coorse you will ;
 Not thinkin', you know, but lookin'—aye !
 Lookin', lookin', and takin' joy—
 There's childher that does'n, and childher that does—
 A surt of comedher, I wouldn thrus' ;
 But still a father you know—that way—
 And the fond and all, but it's hard to say—
 There's men that's charmin' other men,
 And hardly knowin' the lek is in—
 Hard men too, and gev to be close—
 Some power that's at them, I suppose,
 Like rubbed with somethin'—what's its name ?
 Loadstun—aye ; and women the same.
 Hapes—that you wouldn be givin' two screws for,
 And gettin' more love till they've got any use for,
 And others aqual goin' without,
 And still a dale of it about.

Now this lad was a very gentle surt,
 And hadn' none of the fiery spir't
 That was in the father—it's faithful he was,
 Faithful, and houldin' terbil fast
 To them he liked, and perseverin'
 Uncommon—look at the ither steerin',
 And you'd throw the odds ; for Hughie was all
 For humourin', but the skipper would haul

On a wind no matter how it was blow'n
 Just like a dog'd be peelin' a bone,
 Greedy, you know, like a hungry dog,
 Greedy, suckin' his luff like grog.

That's the way, and Hughie would look
 On the sea like a man would read in a book,
 Spellin' big spells, and gettin' them right,
 But the Captain would stand like sniffin' a fight
 Far off—he would—like challengin',
 Suspicious lek, like sayin'—"Now then !
 You're at it ! are ye ? Who'll strike first ?
 Come on ould stockin' ! do your worst !"
 Like the sea and himself was swore in their teeth
 To fight it out to the bitter death—
 Half in anger, half in scorn,
 Defyin' it, as if he was born
 A purpose to triumph and have the rule of it,
 Or draw its cork, and make a fool of it.

Chut ! there's no luck with yandhar kind
 But navar mind ! navar mind !
 Lookin' so proud—but the lek 'll get lave !
 Rather like lookin' for a grave—
 Seemin' to me—but—very well !
 And—maybe a notion—but time will tell.
 And just the same ashore as afloat,
 Allis restless, and facin' to't,
 Like doubtin' if he turned his back
 The sea 'd be takin' advantage lek.

Do you see the men ?—well—does or doesn',
 Annie they were callin' the cousin—
 A shockin' nice gel, but slandhar though,
 Slandhar, and very soople, you know ;
 And the hair she had, aw bless my sowl,
 Cables and cables, and 'd take and rowl
 And rowl them there, and stick a pin,
 And the nice and the smoothastonishin'.

She was a terbil modest gel was that,
 And clane uncommon, and the little brat,
 And the little strings, and altogether—
 Not azackly handsome ether,

No, she wasn't ; but to see her smile—
 By gogh I'd ha' walked a hundred mile—
 I would—the sudden it came to be sure,
 The sudden and the sweet and pure,
 And spreadin' out like some lovely rose,
 And fadin' away like the sunset goes,
 When you'd think it wasn't willin' to die,
 And it's fit to make a body cry.
 So these two craythurs got in notions—
 Like it'd be a surt of commotions
 Of throuble lek that was doin' on them,
 And hard enough to understand them,
 Bein' used of each other anyhow—
 And why were they goin' to be diff'rin now?
 Just like things that's caught in the trawl,
 Wonderin' what was there at them at all.

So of coorse they only got shier and shier,
 Like two people shiverin' over a fire—
 Aw, as shy as any bird on the wing,
 Till the mothers began to see the thing—
 And lookin' and signin', and hummin' and hemmin',
 And terbil plased—the way with women.
 Aw, then the collogin' that was done,
 And her with the daughter, and her with the son ;
 And tuk a opportunity,
 And had it out as nice as could be—
 Hughie's mother that was snakin'—
 And—*whatever capers were they takin'!*
 And—"Why don't you laugh, and why don't you talk?
 And why don't you hev a little walk?"
 And—"Come, man! give your cousin a kiss!"
 And—"Bless my heart! what foolishness!"
 Aw, if Hughie didn't make for the door
 Like a shot, and Annie on the floor ;
 But hauled her up, and slacked the dress of her,
 And coaxed, and wouldn't take no rest of her,
 And made her tell, and aised her shockin'
 The way her heart was goin' a knockin'—
 Poor thing!—and a little taste of rum—
 Aw, bless ye! it's terbil hard with some—
 Aw, yis!—and people should be kind
 To the lek, and get them to clear their mind.

(Now aisy that laughin', Bobby—what?
Well, you know, I'd *ax* you not.)

So she tould them though, and then they went
And looked for Hughie, and fond him lent
Again the trammon; and "Why, man, why?"
And—"Nonsense! Hughie!" and "Try, man! try!"
And got him in, you'll understand,
And put them sittin' hand in hand,
Aw, beautiful, and left them there,
And the dark, you know, he could hardly see her.

Then the two women took a sthroull
Along the shore, and the nither ould;
But still it's lek there'd be a little sigh,
And I wouldn't trust but a little cry,
Lek happy, you know, but middlin' plain
Their time would navar come again.
And I was tould there was some that seen them too,
And they were sayin' that Annie's mother threw
Her arms very lovin' around the sister,
And hung to her a dale, and kissed her—
And so they went together linking,
And very peaceful lek, and thinking.
And tears is tears, no matter the from;
But he was a fuss-rate husband was Captain Tom.

Fuss-rate he was—and gennaler
There couldn't be, nor heartier.
Aw, happy was the people that bred him,
And happy was the woman that hed him.
But 'deed the happiest of the lot
Was the man himself the way he got
To make other people happy; his face
Was reglar bustin' with happiness—
My sakes! the laugh! you navar heard!
It was allis snugglin' in his beard
Somewhere, you know, bein' curly very;
But when he gev way, a blast in a quarry
Was just a fool to it—Nebuchadnessar!
Rattlin' the very plates on the dresser.

And the same man was terbil wise,
And givin' people good advice—

About bezniss lek—there's some 'll remember—
 But of coorse—my gough ! the judge of tember,
 And gardens and that—aw, every craft !
 But he'd hev his laugh, he'd hev his laugh !

But the fust these women had to do
 Was to tell their story to Captain Hugh—
Mad—did ye say ? God bless ye ! *mad* !
 No, not him—the mad or the glad,
 Nor the yes or the no, nor the good or the bad,
 Nor the nothin' arrim ; just a spit,
 And a puff o' the pipe to see was he lit,
 And his head on his chin and his eye on the say ;
 So the women had to go away.
 “ Well ! ” says Annie's mother, “ he's tould ! ”
 “ Yes ! ” says the sesther, but cryin', the sowl !

And it's allis the same—aw, very nice,
 And reasonable to rejoice
 When two young things is comin' together
 But there's sure to be a bit of bother
 About it someway—aw, by George !
 There's lumps in every body's porr'dge ;
 Like ould Jemmy the Red that druv to the packet,
 One hoss'd go forrit, and the other backit—
 “ Dear me ! ” the people said ;
 “ There's nothin' puffleck,” says Jemmy the Red.

Now, Captain Tom was in Ireland over ;
 But the very minute they saw the Rover
 (The smack he was skipper of) makin' the Mull,
 Aw, then the women took heart to the full—
 'Deed if they were smellin' Captain Tom in the offin'
 The whole of Castletown'd be laughin'
 Mostly—the liked, you'll understand—
 Aw, a terrible man, a terrible man !

So somebody tould him, and he slapped the thigh
 And come ashore in a blaze of joy—
 In a blaze—and “ Where is she ? where is she, then ?
 The little rascal ! ” and—*how*, and *when* ?
 And—*bless his sowl* ! and—to think the deep !
 And, “ Come here ! come here ! you little sweep ! ”

And—"Hughie! Hughie! Tyre and Sidon!"

And—"Annie! Annie!" but Annie was hidin'.

But caught at the mother somewhers in the yard,

"Ha! ha!" he says, "ha! ha! my bird!

What!" he says, "you don't know me, may be!"

And tuk her off her feet like a baby;

And clapsed her to his besom there,

And kissed her eyes, and kissed her hair,

And kissed and kissed her everywhere—

Shockin' for kissin'! noted for it—

Was Captain Tom. There's people horrit

That way with their slimin' and slobberin',

But Captain Tom was differin.

But still—Well, in come Hughie, though,

And he dropt the gel, and he gev a crow

Out of him like a cock, very clear—

Like a cock that way—very pleasant to hear,

Hearty—eh? and gript him straight,

And stood him off agin the light;

And—"The sakes!" and—"Deed on Hughie for all!

Capital! capital!"

And his face like the sun. And—"Hould up!" says he,

"Hould up for all! I want to see—

(And Hughie lookin' rather semple)

The polished corners of the temple—

What's this ould David is sayin' in the Psalm?

Bless my heart! the stupid I am!

The corners, its sayin', the polished corners,

And—*splendid sheep, it's sayin', and the garners*

Full of store.—I like you, my lad!

I like you! you'll do! you'll do!" he said.

And—"Where's your father?" he said to him then;

"Dear me! he isn half a man!"

And a passil of women outside gev a shout—

"You've gor it!" they said; and he turned about

"Hulloah!" says he, and a surt of a roor;

"You're right!" says the women at the door.

"He's agin the match!" says the women, "he is!"

"Come now! I tell ye! be off out of this!"

Says Captain Tom's wife—*Well, dear heart!*

And—*it was only the truth they were tellin'.* "Start!"

Says Captain Tom's wife; so the women cut,

And tossin' the head, and—*A saucy slut!*

And, "Says is says, and thinks is thinks!"

And—*They were allis high, them Ballachricks!*

And the talk was soon all over the town
 That the one Captain knocked the other down,
 And—a *desperate fight* ! but of coorse they hedn,
 And—the *evil eye that was on the weddin'*
 At Captain Hugh, and—*Careless ! chat !*
No use o' talkin'—he was a black man that !
 But—*Captain Tom !* and—“Did ye see him theer?”
 And—that was the man ! *aw dear ! aw dear !*
Aw splendid !—the hearty and the kind !
Somethin' like a father ! aw, no fault to find,
But only them women !—a pair of slinks,
They hadn no patience with them Ballachrink !

And it's lek there 'd be words ; but—bless their stuff !
 Captain Hugh was willin' enough !
 It wasn't that. There's pessins that bright
 The whole of their body is full of light ;
 Lek it's sayin' in the Bible—“Take care !” it's sayin',
 “If the light that is in thee turn dark again
 (Lek some devil's runnet [God bless me !] thick'nin' it),
 Bless me !” it's sayin', “the dark you'll get !”

But it wasn't that. And still no doubt
 There's people that turns theirselves inside out,
 And others that turns theirselves outside in
 Was that the surt ? you'll be wonderin'.
 No ! I don't think it—or was he haunted
 At some dirt of a sperrit ? or was it wanted
 Elsewhere he was ? or a crick in his heart,
 That he had to look another airt ?
 Or the devil himself, the ugly sweep !
 Aw dear ! aw dear ! it's very deep !
 They say the ould chap knows his own—
 But I'll tell ye what, I'll lave it alone.

Well—this Masther Corteen I was tellin' you of
 Wouldn't take no rest, but it's a schooner he must have—
 Aw, smacks wouldn't do for him at all—
 Schooners ! schooners ! that's the call.
Foolish—you're sayin' ? Uplifted just—
 Aw, uplifted scandalous !
 For what is a schooner, if you come to that ?
 A slink of a thing with a side like a latt,

And bearins—eh? and stowage? my gough!
 A bilge like a plane, and a hould like a trough—
 That's your schooners—idikkilis!
 Give me the little gel that'll kiss
 Ould Bags in his teeth, and spin on her heel
 Like a top, like your sweetheart dancin' a reel
 In the harvest moon—aw, a smack for ever!
 Chut! you can twis' her tail like a heifer!
 But—of coorse!—and them Douglas chaps'd be talkin'
 And quiverin' there—aw, big though, shockin'—
 Collister's ones, and Skillicorn,
 And Moores, that was sailin' a vessel for'n,
 And the lek of that—aw, brigs and barks!
 And galliotts, and Noah's arks!
 Aw, you couldn touch the Douglas fellows—
 No! and feelin' middlin' jealous—
 And "I'll hev a schooner, up or down!"
 And—*all for the honour of the town.*
 And built at Boyds', and no mistake,
 And goin' a launchin' up the Lake,
 Or the Claddagh—is it? aye! and the scholars
 Let urro the school, and terbil colours;
 And a canon there, and'd hev a try,
 And fired, and hust the bellman's eye—
 Juan Jem—a squinty man he was,
 And bust in bits—and—*not much of a loss,*
At all—I've heard the women say;
 But useful is useful any day.
 And a beautiful launch, you may depend,
 And off the ways as smooth as a swan;
 And Jacks, and Blue Peters, and stars-and-stripes,
 And the name they gave her was the Clyps—
 Or the Clops, or the Clups—what is it—eh?
 Well, it's the Clyps they were callin' her anyway.

So then the talk was how would he man her,
 And who'd be goin' for a captain on her;
 Aw, terbil talk—but of coorse they knew
 It was either Captain Tom or Captain Hugh.
 And a pazil of fellows down at the Crow
 Was shoutin' for Captain Hugh to go;
 But the company over at the Crown,
 That was general countin' the best in town,

Ould Mollachreest, and Corkish the baker,
 Was all for Captain Tom to take her.
 So you see the people was mortal divided,
 And a bit of a row, and reglar enjoyed it ;
 And—*Wait then ! wait ! and—All serene !*
He wasn no fool, wasn ould Corteen—
No ! And who was the head man d'ye think ?
 Who of coorse but the Ballachrink ?
 Down at the Crow there every night,
 And glasses round, and as tight as tight ;
 And—*Healts apiece ! and—What 'll ye take ?*
 Bless me, the mischief them dunkies 'll make !
 He gor a notion that time, you see,
 A notion arrim how would it be
 If he could just sundhar the captains a lill
 That they wouldn be lek that agreeable
 Lek they were used to be, on the one hand lek,
 That the poor divil hadn the smallest speck
 Of a chance, you see, to get his foot in
 The either house ; for he didn care a button
 About the sesthars, but just he was cravin'
 For the childher—aye ! aw, reglar ravin' !
But how would it be now, how would it be !
 “They'll have to give me more libbity !”
 He says ; and then he begun to think,
 And he seen there wasn the smallest chink
 Betwix Tom and the wife ; and—“The smoother the wall
 The harder to climb,” says Ned for all—
 Aw, Ned was sharp enough in his way—
 He could tell was their shuggar in his tay—
 Could Ned ; he knew where to hommer a tack in,
 So it's Captain Hugh that he was backin'.
 Backin' uncommon ; and tervil truck
 Betwix them too, like an aigle tuk
 To be friends with a pay-cock—that was about it—
 And he puffed and he blowed, and he roored and he shoutit,
 And he quivered the fiss ; and “What !” he said,
 “Captain Tom to walk over the head
 Of Captain Hugh ! What sense !” he was sayin' ;
 And—*God bless his sowl ! and wasn it plain ?*
Captain Tom ! of coorse ! of coorse !
But—Captain Hugh, they were on deffrin floors
Altogether—Was it blind they were ?
Did they know who they had ? Was there any compar ?

And—"The two of them," he says, "is relations
 Of mine;" he says, "but, my gough! my patience!"
 And snaps the fingers, and taps the stick,
 And gives a nod, and around as quick,
 And faces up agin one of the men
 Behind him there; and at it again—
 And over the Craves, and all down New-street,
 And up Kirk Arbory and Kirk Malew-street,
 And the Green, and Cowles, and the Flukin' pool,
 Everywhere you'd hear this fool—
 But special at the Crow—Aw, there
 He was all in his glory, and tuk the cheer,
 And wondherful considern the gin—
 You'd had thought it was the High-Bailiff himself that was in—
Proposed and seconded—and—Them
That's in favour—you know—aw, bless ye! it came
As natheral—amazin' though
 The way the lek can work the jaw—
 And he stuck to Captain Hugh like a leech,
 And grips the arm, and over the beach,
 And past the quay, and down the pier,
 Showin' him off lek walkin' there,
 And the nose on the cock, like snuffin' skallions,
 Lek—*Clear the road!* lek these chaps with stallions.

But, howsomedever—Peter or Paul,
 Captain Tom was the captain for all—
 Aye, he was—of a Saturday night
 The orders were out, and a reglar fight
 At the Countin-house door—and—"Who'then? who?
 Is it Captain Tom? Is it Captain Hugh?"
 And—"Hip hoorah!" and over the town,
 And away to the Crow, and away to the Crown—
 And the Ballachrink though, sittin' as grand,
 And the pipe in his mouth, and the glass in his hand—
 Aw, a terrible big man at the Crow,
 A sort of a gentleman, you know—
 The way with these farmers—and his Sunday hat,
 And a frill on his shirt, and all to that.
 And—"Well!" he says, "There's no mistake
 Who's goin' for Captain; it's all correct,"
 He says, "its settled," he says, "my hearties;"
 And—*Of coorse!* and—*The influential parties*

*That was at Crteen, and not once nor twice ;
 But the man knew where to go for advice ;
 Aye ! aye ! and gor it ; and what for wouldn he ?
 A brother-in-law ! and what for shouldn he ?
 But wait ! but still—aw, dear ! to think !
 “ I’ll lave it to you then, Ballachrink.”
 In the parlour—aye ! “ But mind ye ! my men,
 You’ll navar be mentionin’ this again !”
 Aw, all in his glory—and the chaps goin’ nudgin’
 And winkin’ there, the way you’d be judgin’
 He’d see they were laughin’ ; and did and didn ;
 Lek you’ll see a cock upon a midden,
 Scratchin’—lek he was saying to the hens—
 “ Look out !” he says, “ my gough ! there’s grains !
 There’s grains !” he says ; and the dirt goin’ flyin’ ;
 And he’ll scratch and scratch, and the hens’ll be eyein’
 One another, and smilin’ lek,
 And may be bitendin’ to give a little peck,
 For manners, you know, lek knowin’ his way,
 But just the same lek mainin’ to say—
 For all he thinks hisself that clever—
 “ The ould chap’s gettin’ wuss till ever !”*

Well, there he was, so in comes a lad,
 And—“ It’s Captain Tom that’s got her,” he said—
 Aw, the poor Ballachrink ! “ You sniffikin falla !”
 (You could ha’ heard him up at Ballasalla)
 “ You blockit !” he says ; “ how dar ye !” he says ;
 “ Ger urro that !” and quevers the fist—
 Aw, the chap made tracks—And—“ I muss I muss !”
 Says the Ballachrink, “ or else I’ll buss.”
 And he laughed and he laughed—and “ Keep her so !”
 And—“ Certainly ! but knowin’, you know !”
 And the laugh—But it wasn long before
 The whole mob-beg was outside of the door,
 And no mistake, and “ Hip Hooraa !
 It’s Captain Tom—where’s ould Oadaa ?”
 Maenin’ the Ballachrink—the fond
 He was of the childher ; and—“ *Where was he gone ?*
 And—“ Hurroose !” Aw, bless ye ! no respeck
 At these lumps of boys, aw, that’s a fack !

But the Ballachrink begun to look queer,
 And he gev a start, and he gev a stare ;

And Corteen's head clerk come in through the row,
 And no mistake about it now—
 And the Ballachrink gev a leap and a cry,
 Aw, dear ! but he made the pint-joughs fly,
 And his hair all on end, and his mouth all frothin'—
 "Hugh !" he said ; but Hugh said nothin'—
 "I'll go myself," he says, "this minute ;
 I'll know what raison is there in it ;
 What right, what dacency, what sense !
 Clear the road ! I'll go at once !"

Aw, stay where you are !" says the clerk ; "when a bone
 Is picked, it's batthar to lave it alone ;"
 He says, says the clerk—Aw, then the fury—
 You navar—Herod, King of Jewry,
 With all his tantrims, couldn touch him !
Ruch ! is he ? the dirty ould fool ! I'll *ruch* him !"

And out in the lobby, but he didn get no furdher—
 "Here's ould Dadaa comin' ! murder ! murder !"

The people began ; and he strooghed his clothes,
 And studdied hisself agin the post,
 And gev them a speech—aw, didn he though ?
 And this and that—and—*He'd hev them to know ;*
 And—*the rale ould blood ;* and—*a black disgrace,*
 And *a shame and a scandal to the place ;*
 And—"Justice !" he says ; and—"We'll hev it bynby !"

And— Captain Tom ! he wouldn deny—
But him to be captain of a schooner !
Did they think he ever worked a lunar
In his life, or heard of the lek ? not him !
And Captain Hugh that knew the trim
Of every craft that ever floated
And could work his distance ; and noted, noted !
Noted ! he said, *for the navigation—*

"God bless me ! let every man keep to his station !"

"Hooraa !" says the people, "that's the stick !
 Gev it to them ? gev it to them, Dick !"

And a hiss in his ear—"That'll do ! that'll do !"

And turns—and there was Captain Hugh—
 Like the thunder itself—and—"Draw these men
 Some liquor !" he said to the woman ; and then—
 "Come !" he says, and just like a stone—
 The poor Ballachrink ! and liquor goin' !
 But it wasn no use—like a stone ! like a flent !
 "Stand back the lot !" and away they went.

And—"The childher! aw, the childher though!
 Aw, Hugh, good soul!" and—*whither or no,*
 And—*it wasn't his fault—now was it? was it?*
 "Aw, the childher! aw, the little closet!
 Aw, Hugh!" and—"You promised! yes! you did!
 Aw, let me see the craythurs in bed!"
 And cryin'—bless ye! Wasn't Billy Fauldher
 Sheltrin' behind a yawl there?
 And didn't he hear? and fit to split—
 But I'd be thinkin' it was rather a bit
 Sorrowful lek—but all dependin'—
 And he wouldn't go on; and he kept him standin'
 Agin the boat—and—"Do la! do!"
 "You're far too drunk to-night," says Hugh.
 "No! no!" he says; "just look at me then!
 The sober I am is astonishin'!"
 And coaxed and coaxed, and—*the careful he'd be!*
 Till at last the Captain said he'd see.
 "In bed! in bed! aw, honour bright!"
 Says the Ballachrink; "All right! all right,"
 Says Captain Hugh; "And you'll get them to say
 Their little prayers though anyway—
 Yes! yes! aw, Hughie! the little prayers!
 Aw, whose is God listnin' to, if it isn't theirs?
Bless father and mother (the little birds!)
And uncle Edward! isn't them the words?
 Eh? Hughie, eh? aw, the lovely things!
 Like angels, lek tuckin' their little wings
 Under their shirts, and the hands it's lekly
 Goin' clapsin' there! aw, let's start directly!
 Come Hughie!" "The dhrunk ye are to be sure!"
 Says Hugh; and so they come to the door.
 And they axed for a light, and it's up they'd go;
 But the mistress didn't half like it, ye know,
 Deed she didn't—and *What sort of a state*
Was that to be comin', and couldn't they wait
Till the mornin'—and the childher fast—
And it was reglar out of all order it was—
Yes! And she did object, she did,
And they'd better take and be off to bed
Theirselves. And—"As for that sot," says she;
 "Aye, woman? Is it erluding to me
 You are?" says the Ballachrink, "now is it?
 Because, if a gentleman pays a visit

To his brother-in-law," he says, "he's expectin'
 Quite a differin way of actin'—
 Now look here!" he says, "I'll tell you what!
 It's just the dirty temper you've got—
 That's it! the dirty temper—aye!
 Aw, ye needn begin to cry—
 You're the talk o' the town," he says, "with your tongue!
 Capers!" he says; "and you're not so young
 But you might have some sense," he says, "with it too!"
 "Hould your jaw!" says Captain Hugh—
 "The light!" he says; "I mane to hev it!
 The light! the light!" and the woman gev it;
 And the brat to her face, and followed them there,
 And sobbin' lek, and up the stair—
 And freckened of fire, and stood outside
 The door—the soul! and cried, and cried.

So these two divils in to the childher—
 And a little boy, and a little gel there—
 Aw, beautiful! as white as snow—
 The very best of calico!
 Bless ye! there wasn no houldin' them chaps!
 And the little frills around their caps
 And all—aw, they'd hev it! aw, deed they would!
 They'd hev it, and they'd hev it good!
 And three bedrooms there, and all with ceilins!
Money! bless ye! like priddha peelins!
 Aw, square was square, and round was round,
 And Castletown was Castletown
 Them times—aw, it's there the money was made—
 Hapes! man; hapes! my gough! the trade!

So the Ballachrink made a run and a dart
 And the little things wakened with a start—
 And the big man there! and his face as red!
 And the hair goin' flyin' about his head!
 And slobberin', you know—but seein' the father—
 Aw, he was for atin' them altogether,
 Clane devourin'—"Aw, dear! the soft!
 The lovely!" he says—"Hands off! hands off!"
 Says Captain Hugh—"Aw, just a touch!
 Aw, one little foot! aw, it isn much!"
 "No! no!" says Hugh; "Keep agin that wall!"
 The women, ye see, was tellin' all—

Knowin' ! God bless ye ! Peggy Shimmin !
 What *ar'n* they knowin' ? catch the women !

So the Ballachrink got quite, they were sayin',
 Humble lek, and didn complain,
 Nor nothin'—but “ The little prayer,” he says,
 “ And the little hymn, and the little vess—
Blessed Jesus ! strong to save ! ”
 Aye ! but he promised he'd behave.
 So then these little things was riss,
 And put on their knees agin the chiss
 And “ Our Father ” they said though, very nice,
 But rather trimblin' with their little vice ;
 And then they rose the hymn—aw, dear !
 Like little robin-redbreasts there—
 Aw, the Ballachrink was done complate,
 And he cried and cried most desperate,
 Puttin' them out, you'll understand ;
 And then these little mossels began,
 And cried treminjus ; and the mother couldn hould
 Any longer, and she come in, poor soul !
 And there was Ned, and the tears goin' splatch,
 Like the rain is drippin' off the thatch :
 But Hugh was turned away, and he stood,
 And his face was fixed on the risin' flood ;
 And a scran of a moon hung dead in the south,
 And navar a word from the ither man's mouth,
 But—“ Jean myghin orrin, peccee brie ”—
 The Ballachrink was groanin'—aye !
 Lek you'd be know'n, if you could understand him,
 For the Lord to have mercy lek upon him—
 Just so—And “ It's not much *myghin* you'll get,”
 Says the sesthar, and hushed the childher a bit—
 “ *Myghin* indeed ! ” But then she thought
 He was her brother, and the ould spot,
 And the times, you see, when they were young ;
 And she checked the anger on her tongue,
 And she went and put her head on his shouldher,
 And she saw the man the way he looked ouldher
 And broken lek, and “ Look up ! ” she said,
 “ Look up man, Edward ! be comforted !
 And come down stairs with me, man, come !
 And warm, and then you'll be goin' home ! ”

"Aw, no!" he says, "I like this place—
 There's a dale of pace, a dale of pace
 Here," he says; but she coaxed him though,
 And coaxed, and got him persuaded to go,
 And sat a bit, but didn spake;
 And then the woman got him to take
 A basin of milk to study him
 And tuk and led him across the strame,
 And into the town, and very quite,
 And got the hoss, and home with him straight.

So you'll be thinkin'? not a bit of it!
 Bad blood! bad blood! and they couldn get quit of it.
 For whataver you might do or say,
 You know what was Hugh, so that's the way.
 Bad blood! I tell you. And you'll aisy suppose
 Whenever the Clypse was showin' her nose,
 By gough! the very first trip that was arrer
 Captain Hugh was waitin' for her
 Aback o' Langlish; and the two of them,
 The smack and the schooner in ballast trim;
 Aw, he gev her a dustin'—and raison he wud,
 Just a dead beat at them all the road—
 Aw, she could hev gev the schooner 'crase,
 Mortal sleppy in her stays
 Was yandbar smack—the Mona's Pride
 There were callin' her, and built at Boyd
 The same as the Clyps, but a dale more spring,
 With the worked, you know, and everything
 Like shuttles runnin'; but new or ould
 A smack with a schooner! bless my sowl!
 So it was allis racin' after that,
 Racin', racin', for he wouldn be beat:
 Blow high, blow low; come fire, come thunder,
 Everything she could shiver under—
 Sky-rakers, moon-scrapers—
 And talk about them in the papers.
 And he'd be hidin' there with his topsail low'rt
 In Dreshwick somewhere, or under the Fort;
 And Captain Tom'd be lyin' to,
 To see would he go ahead, you know;
 But the fo'sil'd be over like a shot,
 And he'd wait; and it's wuss and wuss he got,

Stickin' to Captain Tom like a leech,
 And they navar come to no manner of speech
 About it at all—Captain Tom 'd hav' lekt,
 But Hugh—well, you see, you could hardly expect.

Then the Ballachrink got a notion, you see,
 It was his duty to look after the family
 When Hugh was away—aw, terbil big !
 And he'd come and he'd sit outside in the gig,
 And call to the sesthar ; and—for her *to look smart*—
 And—this and that—and—“ Bless my heart ! ”
 And—“ Look here ! ” and—*did she understand ?*
 And—*mind she wasn't extravagant !*
 And—“ Hould this hoss ! ” and *he'd hev a look ;*
 And—*was she puttin' everythin' in a book ?*
 And in with him there ; and piffin' and puffin',
 And op'nin' the cupboard, and sniffin' and snuffin' ;
 And—“ Very well ! ” he'd say, “ but you see
 Of coorse your husband is lookin' to me ! ”
 And up the stair, and eyein' about him.
 It's a wonder to me she didn' clout him ;
 But no ! she didn, but held the hoss—
 A patient craythur if ever there was.

One day he come, and spades and picks,
 And the manservant with him, and—*They were goin' to fix*
The garden, he said ; and—what did they do
 But tuk and divided the garden in two
 With a lump of a hedge ? So the women said—
 “ Whatever ! ” “ I'll tell ye *whatever*,” says Ned :
 “ The *whatever*—it's a sundherin' ; ”
 He said, “ a separationin' ! ”
 Come now ! that's the whatever ! ” says he ;
 Says the women—“ Where's your 'torrity ? ”
 “ 'Torrity ! ” says Ned, “ aw, dear ! ”
 Is it 'torrity ? ” he says, “ look here ! ”
 Whose writin' is that—eh ? Chapter and vess !
 I think you'd better go in,” he says.
 And sure enough he had the letter
 From Captain Hugh ; so says he “ You'd better
 Go in,” says the Ballachrink, “ and mind
 Your business,” he says ; and the women cryin',
 But went ; and the hedge was finished grand—
Separationin ! bless the man !

So that's what Captain Hugh wanted,
 And a fuss-rate job, and quicksets planted
 By the time he come home—and the Ballachrink
 To show him all ; and—"See that sink !"
 He says, "and the barrel there agen it !
 See the splendid brass tap that's in it
 This side !" he says, "to share the water !
 Aw, dear !" he says, "look at yandhar daughter
 Of Captain Tom's," he says, "she's smilin' !
 Imprince !" he says ; but Hugh was silen'.
 But the Ballachrink was cock of the walk,
 And swellin' the breast, and workin' the talk—
 And wheelin' the pipe, and pintin' to this,
 And pintin to that—and—"It isn amiss' "
 And—"Take that handle ! turn that tap !
 Sherwood's best ! I wouldn gev a rap
 For your rubbidge," he says ; "just feel that movemen' !"
 He says, "chut ! a terrible improvemen'
 Altogether, you know ! aw, dear !"
 And in to get a drop of beer.

And sure enough it was Annie they seen,
 That was standin' there with Bella Corteen,
 A grand-daughter of the owner's—aye !
 Aw, a reglar lady ! but noways high—
 Aw, very gennal, aw, reglar frens !
 She's married to a pazon since—
 Yes—and indeed it's smilin' she was
 Was Annie ; and she hed a cause ;
 For she loved her uncle—the sort of a man
 That women 'd love, and not understand
 What for were they lovin'—the deep, I suppose,
 And the dark, and the strong—but, goodness knows !
 An uncle anyway—and the poor little woman !
Smilin'—eh ? and Hughie comin' !
 And 'deed he was entrin' on the door
 That very minute, and happy thalhure ;
 And out in the garden, and gev a run,
 And over the hedge like the shot of a gun,
 Hardly mindin' the lek was in—
 But the Ballachrink was noticin',
 Watchin' there, cocked up in the windher ;
 And he turns, and "Hulloah !" and "Did ye see yandher ?"

He says to Hugh—"You'll jump it, will ye?
 Jumpin'! jumpin' is it, my gillya?
 But for all the jumpin', if I was you,
 I'd teach him ——" "Drop it! drop it!" says Hugh;
 And he turned, and he looked at a picture though
 Of the wife afore they were married, you know.
 And he looked very long, and then he went
 And kissed her there; and then he lent
 The head of him agen the chimbley;
 And then the wife come, very thrimbly,
 Very lovin' and gentle lek;
 And she put her arm around his neck;
 And you could see by the way his shouldhers was hove
 The terrible the strong man strove—
 And navar a word! navar a word!
 But the woman was prayin' to the Lord
 In her heart, poor soul! fit enough to brek—
 Aw, bless them! bless them! bless the lek!
 And the Ballachrink could only stare,
 And gor up, and tuk and left them there.

And the hedge—aw, well it was left to stand;
 But what d'ye think these sweethearts planned?
 Hughie that schamed it—They tuk and sowed
 A passil of plants that as soon as they growed
 'd creep over the hedge, and mix the flowers—
 And Hughie was settin' convolvolars,
 And Annie was setting these—what's their name?
 Painted ladies! aye, the same—
 Like butterflies mostly—lovely things,
 With their little curly catchy strings!
 "So you see," says Hughie, "whatever there'll be,
 These flowers'll be standin' for you and me;
 "And they'll be twisted together," he says,
 "And beathin' in one another's face.
 And when I'm far away, little gel!
 There they'll be whispurin' and snugglin' still.
 And at night there'll be none of your goin' to bed
 For them like for us; but coortin'" he said,
 "Coortin' there till the mornin' light—
 Aw, the hard it is to say good-night!
 Aw, Annie ——" But bless me! what am I at?
 Well—of coorse their talk 'd be somethin' like that—

Just fancyin' lek—aw, I wouldn say knowin' ;
But I'll be bail there was kisses goin'.

So when these flowers begun to grow,
They said you navar seen the show !
Astonishin' the strenth ! like clover !
And the hedge goin' cov'rin over and over !
And little Annie 'd come and listen.
And settin' two of them a-kissing—
And a notion at her she heard them ringin',
Like a surt of a cling-a ling-a-lingin',
Like a weddin', you know—and she'd take and kiss them
Herself, the little bough ! and she'd bless them ;
And she'd coo upon them like a little dove,
And all in a wonderment of love—
Longin' you know—the little honey !
Aw, dear, the sweet they are and the funny
With their little ways—aw, they're very nice,
Aw, yes they are. But she heard a vice,
And who was there but poor ould Ned—
And—"This place is goin' to ruin," he said ;
"It's altogether goin' to ruin—
What's these painted-ladies doin' ?
I see !" he says—"from the other side !
I'll larn ye," he says, "I'll tame your pride !
I'll make you know your place, ye trash !"
And out with the knife, and he gev a slash—
And—"Uncle ! uncle !"—poor little Annie !
"Aw, don't then ! don't then !" "*Don't ! your grannie !*"
Says the Ballachrink—"I've a very great mind"—
"Aw, uncle, be kind ! aw, uncle, be kind !
Lave them, uncle ! lave them ; will ye ?"—
"Very like a trespass, I can tell ye"—
Says the Ballachrink—"by gough it is !"
But, however, he'd consider the case ;
But didn do nothin'—just puffin' and blowin'—
And so the flowers was left alone.

It was maybe a twelvemonth after that
Captain Hugh come in with a flat—
That he took in tow—I forget her name—
And everybody praisin' him.
But the people said he was terbil queer,
Heavier and silenter

Till ever, they said ; and takin' no joy
 Of anythin' ; and the light in his eye
 Like a turf, like smouldhrin' in a pit ;
 And there's plenty said he wasn fit
 To be in charge of a vessel at all ;
But howsomedever they hedn no call,
And it wasn no business of theirs—but still
Somebody ought to be 'sponsible.

But before he went to sea again
 He sent for Annie one evenin' :
 And the freckened she was, not knowin' the for,
 But the aunt and the mother persuaded her ;
 And—*Maybe*, they said, *he was goin' to be kinder*,
 And in on the door, and shut it behind her.
 So there they were alone together
 I dessay half-an-hour or betther
 In the little parlour ; and I've heard them tell
 They couldn hear a syllable—
The women ? The women ! who else would it be ?
Listnin' ? Listnin' ! certainly !

But when Annie come out at yandhar door,
 The change, they said, you'd ha' hardly knew her—
 Wondherful, they said, the step
 Of the gel, the springy it was, and the lep
 The tight, and the nails dug into the hands,
 And the fingers at her just like strands
 Clinched, and the head thrown back like a hoss's,
 Lek you'll see these picthurs of people on crosses,
 With their body all stretched like steel, like wire,
 With their noses all spreadin' lek with fire,
 Lek lifted up, lek crucified—
 The love, the misery, the pride—
 My gough !—They're knowin' what you're not knowin',
 They're seein' him upon the throne ;
 They're sure of somethin'—yes ! that's it !
 Bless ye ! they don't care a bit !
 What's the world to them ? you see them—do ye ?
 Glory, glory ! Hallelujah !
 But goodness me ! well, hard to say,
 But it's the thruth I tell ye, from that day
 The gel was changed, whatever there'd been,
 And she'd sit like seein' things unseen ;

And Hughie with his arm around her neck—
 But very heavy and absent lek—
 And—"I raely think father is wrong in the head!"
 "Don't say that again!" she said.
 I don't know is it catchin' it is
 Or what—impossible to guess—
 But people that's mad has got a power—
 Eh? Aw, they hev! and this little flower—
 Well, well, for all—aye, even so—
 Aw, a little gel, a child, you know.

So the very next tide he was settin' sail
 For Liverpool; and Billy Quayle,
 That was used to work for him, took to his bed;
He didn like his looks, he said—
 Just 'scusin; and, behold ye, though,
 The Ballachrink took a notion to go—
Knowin' about a vessel? not a cent!
 But took a notion, and by gough he went.
 And the son, young Hughie, was servin' mate,
 Just the three: and, of coorse, the concate
 Of the Ballachrink—and criticisin'
 Terbil, you know, and the big advisin',
 And all to that—but you know the man,
 Cacklin' there like an ould hen
 All the way—and a beautiful scamper
 Before the wind; and the best o' temper
 Comin' up the river; and the way he was drast,
 And the style altogether—there was people ast
 "Who's your passenger?" 'deed they done—
 And the 'spectable—astonishin'!
 That's what they were sayin' comin' up the river—
 Aw, a credit to any vessel whatever!
 Just lek a Pazon—aw, the coat as black,
 And his hands in the tails behind his back
 As tight—and the sate of his trousis showin'
 The tasty, every step he was goin'—
 For the thieves you know, bein' warned that way—
 Aw, bless ye, whatever ye may say,
 The biggest man on the Prince's pier
 And Maddharell's and everywhere—
 Aw, the Ballachrink was the man that cud—
 Aw, bless ye! it was in the blood!

I was over there myself that time,
 Just a running job with a cargo of lime
 For Jefferson's ; and the Clyps was moored
 Alongside of us ; so I jumps aboard,
 And axed them were they wantin' a man,
 And glad enough of an extra hand,
 So ships like a shot, and urro the basin
 That tide—and the schooner, the trim for racin'
 She was in ! but navar a notion arr us
 That Captain Hugh was waitin' for us
 Just outside the Bell bwee ;
 But, however, there he was, you see ;
 And every stitch, and more prepar'd,
 And riggin' out a stunsil yard
 Like a fishin'-rod goin' slingin' across ;
 But bless me the deep in the water she was !
 "She'll navar carry that canvas," says I :
 Didn I see her high and dry
 In the harbour only a week afore,
 And noticin' the strained and the wore
 She was in the bottom—and natheral—
 Nothin' done to the boat at all
 For years—and *whatever was he at !*
Draggin', draggin' her like that !

So he got the wind of us, you know ;
 "Let's gev him a hate !" says Billy Crow,
 That was at the helm—"let's gev him pepper !"
 "Aisy ! aisy !" says the skipper ;
 "Aisy," says Captain Tom, "my lad !
 Just keep an eye on him," he said.
 Then says Billy—"He started sooner"—
 "Silence ! silence aboard this schooner !"
 Says Captain Tom ; and a look at the clouds,
 And twisses his arm in the weather shrouds ;
 And keeps his glass on the Mona's Pride—
 "Silence !" terbil dignified !
 Aw, he could be that, for all
 The hearty he was in general.

So on we went, but keepin' a view of them,
 And maybe a mile betwix the two of them.
How was the wind ? A leadin' wind,
 And very little of it to begin—

Hardly a list to it, bless your sowl—
 But about mid-channel a long dead rowl
 Come up from the South ; and far away
 A white mist creepin' over the say,
 Creepin', creepin', the dirty thief,
 Creepin'—" All hands stand by to reef !"
 Says Captain Tom ; and reef we did—
 " Get out your storm-jib ! quick ! " he said—
 All right ! and then by gough it come
 With a rip and a roar, and a hiss and a hum—
 Bizzz—and the schooner lept her lenth,
 And if there 'd been another brenth
 Of canvass out, it isn here
 I'd ha' been to tell ye, navar fear !
 Rip-rip-rip—you know the scranch of it,
 And into the hatches, every inch of it !
 But come to her bearins beautiful,
 And shakes herself, and away like a gull.

And what was the Mona's Pride about ?
 Anythin' off her ? not a clout !
 Every stitch—and the green-seas flyin'
 Over her cross-trees, and navar a sign
 To shorten sail ; but—*on you go !*
Slash her through it ! keep her so !
 And us that was sailin' as light as light,
 And humourin', and only right ;
 And Captain Hugh with his broadside to 't,
 Reglar buryin' the boat.
 " Well, that's no sailin' ! " says Dicky Homm,
 That was mate o' the Clypse ; but Captain Tom
 Kep his eye upon her strick,
 For the free she was sailed she was bearin' quick
 Upon us, you know, as if she meant
 To overhaul us, and make a slant
 Across our bows ; and every man
 On the schooner with a coil in his hand,
 For any minute they were knowin'
 The smack might foundher like a stone.

And Hughie was tellin' us afterwards
 How the father took a pack of cards,
 From a locker, and cut them with his thumb,
 And—" Now," he says, " for kingdom come ! "

“Father ! father !” says the son,
“Take somethin’ off her, or we’ll be done !
For God’s sake, father !”—and he made a spring
To the weather halyards—“Touch a thing,”
Says Captain Hugh, “and I’ll strike you dead !
You coward ! say your prayers,” he said.
“Look here ! look here !” says the Ballachrink ;
“If you’ll go on like that, she’s bound to sink !
You’re mad !” he said, and out’s with his knife—
“Villyan ! villyan !! for your life”
Says the Captain—“Villyan !” and struck him full,
And down on the combins like a bull—
And a lurch and a rowl, and a shake and a shiver,
And the Ballachrink was gone for ever.
“Father ! father ! you’ve murdered him !”
And he looked, but the Captain’s eye was dim,
Like wakin’ from sleep, and he gev a yawn,
And—“Hulloah !” he says, “hulloah ! that’s one !”
Then Hughie drew a long long breath,
And gripped him there for life or death—
The despard grip ; and the tiller dropt,
And the smack flew up, and the fo’sail flopt,
And tuck aback immadient,
And all sheets fast, and down she went.

“Stand by !” says Captain Tom, “stand by !
Listen if you’ll hear a cry !
Look out !” he says ; and it wasn long
Afore we saw Hughie swimmin’ strong,
And heaves him a line, and hauls him in
Like a shot, and—“Where’s your father, then ?”
Says the Captain, but Hughie couldn spake ;
And the whole of us strainin’ our eyes on the wake.
But Billy Crow that seen him fuss,
Driftin’ right under our stern he was,
Driftin’ lyin’ on his back—
“About ! about on the other tack !”
Says Captain Tom, and heaves a rope—
But he didn look at it—“More scope ! more scope !”
Says the chaps, “Hould on ! my gough ! you’ll lose him !
Noose him ! Captain, noose him ! noose him !”
And the noose went flyin’ over his head—
“Studdy ! studdy ! the Captain said.

But he turned on his face, and he slipped his neck—
 “For God’s-sake, Hugh! for Esther’s sake!”
 “Father, father!” says Hughie, “try!”
 Then the two clenched fists went up to the sky—
 “Navar!” he says; and a big sea tore
 Right over him with a race and a roar
 Like a thousand guns, and just a minute
 We saw the black head wrigglin’ in it—
 And round and round—aw, it’s throe! it’s throe!
 And that was the last of Captain Hugh.

Aw, it’s an ugly job to be comin’
 Home with news like that to a woman—
 And the way she’ll look, and the way she’ll sob—
 Aw, bless my heart! it’s an ugly job—
 And the childher wondrin’, and no help in for it,
 And questions axin’—aw, it’s horrit!
 But the wuss of all the trouble they had
 Was with this Annie, that navar shed
 A tear, but standin’ like requirin’
 The blood, you know, lek made of iron.
 And they said she struck Hughie in the face,
 And wouldn have him in the place,
 And wouldn belave him, wouldn belave him!
 “Why didn ye save him? why didn ye save him?”
 That was all her cry, like savage-lek,
 Savage,—lek the uncle put a speck
 Of some mad stuff in her sowl, that was brewin’
 And spreadin’ there, or somethin’ doin’,
 To bother her that way. And she’d wake with a start—
 And—“What’s these tangles round my heart?”
 She’d say, “the sticky they are, and the stingin’!
 Listen to yandhar bell that’s ringin’!”
 She’d say, “and the shilly siftin’, siftin’;
 And the sand like paste, and liftin’, liftin’!”
 And—“Give me a chance?” and “Where’s the boat?”
 And—“What’s these crabs around my throat?”
 And—“Oh! is this the road to hell?”
 Disthressin’ the mother terrible.

And nobody could understand the state of her,
 And ould women and pazons and all agate of her—
 And they were puttin’ little babies in her arms,
 And tryin’ prayers, and tryin’ charms,

And trying harbs ; and a meetin' over her
 At the locals, but they couldn recover her—
 Couldn ! couldn ! And at last they sent
 For Docthor Bell, that was well acquent
 With the family. And—"Lave her ! lave her !"
 Says Dr. Bell : and he didn give her
 A mossel—"Just humour her ! Time 'll do 't"—
 Aw, by gough it was himself that knew 't—
 "Time !" he says—aw, wondherful though !
 What is it that he didn know ?
 Dr. Bell—aw, dear ! aw, dear !
 And lek enough the best of a year
 Afore she come to—bless me ! surprisin'
 Wasn it ? the strenth of the pison
 That was in her there, howavar, it was—
 But working urror her at last.
 And then she soon begun to get stronger ;
 But she wasn a little gel no longer,
 But a brave big woman, sweet and kind,
 And aisy and sensible in her mind ;
 And the little gel, and her sorrow, too,
 Went down for ever with Captain Hugh.
 Well, she was a lovely blossom—
 Let him rock her on his bosom—
 Let hīm hev her for his own
 Till God 'll call him before the throne !

A fine strong woman—and lovin' the lad ?
 Lovin' ! who'd she be lovin' instead ?
 Lovin'—aye ! but none of this bother
 These sweethearts has got with one another—
 Allis ready for a fight—
 Aw, very quite ! very quite !
 Because, ye see, these sweethearts will—
 But comfible, aw, comfible !
 And married him, and what 'd prevent her ?
 Married him that very winter—
 Aye—and a nice little lump of jink—
 Wasn she heiress to the Ballachrink ?
 Aw, a beautiful proppity,
 And no mistake, and so you see—
 But of coorse—and love it was ! aw, yis !
 But still whatever was hers was his—

Aw, married—and the very weddin' day
Yandhar hedge was took away—
And the place where it stood they put a row
Of lilies, crocusars, you know,
Polyanthers—and every thing
That's comin' up early in the spring—
Makin' a garden very bright—
And so I think I'll say good night.

Clifton, Dec. 7, 1873.

T. E. B.

Enlarged to Fifty-six Columns.

"THE ISLE OF MAN TIMES,"

THE LARGEST JOURNAL IN THE ISLAND.

The Largest Circulation in the Island.

THE LEADING JOURNAL OF THE ISLAND.

Has Correspondents in all Parts of the Island.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE ISLAND.

Price 2d. Yearly, 8s 8d.

HALF-YEARLY, 4s 4d.

Stamped—Halfpenny Each Copy Extra.

Send your Name as a Subscriber to the Publishing Offices,
Athol-street, Douglas.

A VISITORS' LIST
IN THE SEASON.

A FACT FOR ADVERTISERS.

THE CIRCULATION OF

"THE ISLE OF MAN TIMES"

DURING THE YEAR 1875 INCREASED OVER

1,000 PER MONTH,

AND DURING THE PRESENT YEAR

THE INCREASE HAS BEEN STILL GREATER.

Advertisers should bear this in mind when selecting a medium for their Announcements, or comparing the prices charged for Advertisements in the various Local Newspapers.

JAMES BROWN & SON, Proprietors.

TOURIST SEASON, 1878.



Brown's Popular Guide

TO THE

Isle of Man.



THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST
GUIDE TO THE ISLAND.



CONTAINS NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED PAGES,
WITH SEVENTY CAPITAL VIEWS,
AND A GOOD MAP OF THE THE ISLAND.



PRICE ONE SHILLING.

In Cloth Binding, 2s 6d ; by Post, 3d Extra.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES BROWN & SON, No. 9,
ATHOL-STREET, DOUGLAS.

